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SIXPENCE.

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MADEMOISELLE'S "GODSON" IS INTRODUCED! A FRENCH PERMISSIONNAIRE MEETS HIS "GODMOTHER."

The *marraine* and the *filieul*—that is to say, the godmother and godson—both of Great-War origin, have become institutions in France. Many a lonely soldier has a "godmother" he has never seen, a fairy who sends him good things when he is in the

trenches. The *permissionnaire* "godson" frequently meets surprise when chance brings him an introduction to his "godmother." Here is a case in point, where the "godmother" is by no means as grown-up as the soldier anticipated.

WITH THE WESTERN FRONTIER FORCE IN EGYPT: MATRUH.

AN OFFICER'S NOTES. (See Illustrations on Pages 240-241.)

WHEN we arrived up here from railhead on Dec. 16, 1915, we found fighting had already taken place, on the four preceding days, some twenty-five miles west of this place (Matruh), between forces of the enemy and our cavalry patrols. On the 13th, I believe, there was quite a sharp action, as the enemy were about 1000 strong. On the 16th we had more news of Sidi Harun and his mob at Bagush, and also had information that Gaafar Pasha and about 3000 men were at a place, some ten miles south-west of the camp, called Wadi Mergid. Later our aeroplanes reported considerable additions to his crowd, and on the 25th a mixed force of cavalry, artillery, and infantry was sent out to snapper him. We were sent out in two columns, one to make a frontal attack whilst the other worked round the enemy's flank and rear. We were with the outflanking column, which consisted of an Australian cavalry regiment, two squadrons of Yeomanry (including ourselves), and a section of artillery. We naturally had to make an early start, as the success of the thing depended on our surprising the wily Arabs, and réveillé was at 3 a.m. We moved off from the rendezvous at 5 a.m. on Christmas Day. It was rather impressive, this setting out to "strafe" in the cold, starlit dawn, the sand-dunes looking like a heavy fall of snow at home. Gradually, as the light increased, out of the moving black mass that was the column one began to make out cavalry, artillery and transport. Later one could distinguish the different units, and by-and-by the faces of the men in one's own troop.

At daybreak a long halt was necessitated by a steep gully, which taxed the gunner horses and transport considerably; but eventually the last wagon was clear, and we found ourselves on a flat, stony plateau. About eight o'clock distant rifle-firing and an occasional gun told us the frontal attack was developing. Shortly afterwards our advance guard got in touch with the enemy, and after a short action our guns shelled them out of their position. From now our advance was rapid, and our guns were soon in action again shelling a ridge which the enemy were occupying. They were soon out of it, as the infantry were advancing rapidly on the right, under the covering fire of the artillery with them and the co-operation of a war-ship shelling from the sea.

We had them fairly on the run now, and they broke up into small bands, hiding in caves or making off down the numerous nullahs. Our column pushed on rapidly, making a big détour to cut off the retreat of their main body, which we accomplished, causing them to break back and work down towards the sea at Um Rakhum, where they were under fire from the ships and the artillery on the high ground. Our squadron was ordered to work through the nullahs and join up with the infantry. My troop was told off as advance guard, and, coming round a bend on the crest of a nullah, we bumped into quite a heavy fire. Bullets seemed to be whizzing all over the place, but, except for one horse which had a bullet through the neck, we had no casualties. It seems extraordinary to me, but the enemy must have been firing high, as usual. We had orders to work down through what had been their main camp, now nothing but a burning shambles. Down in the shadowed depths of the nullah it was like a charred house. The air was polluted by the acrid smoke of burning heaps of what at first sight appeared to be so many rags, but which, on closer examination, proved to be human remains tumbled together with the extraordinary conglomeration of odds and ends that go to make a Bedouin camp. These ghastly smouldering heaps dotted the bottom of the nullah in all directions. Ledges in a rock covered by a dirty blanket as a sort of shelter revealed more horrors

Here and there a camel with the saddlery on lay as it had been struck, with the driver a few feet off, as he had toppled out of the saddle. Evidently our shrapnel had fairly caught them as they retired. Death and desolation seemed to reign supreme in that Wadi. A modern lady's opened parasol lent a bizarre touch to the scene, and added to the curious feeling of unreality of it all. It seemed like a bad dream from which one would presently wake. Signs of life still existed in places though; and as we went through, a camel, lying on its belly and nearly saddled up, slowly turned its head and mouthed at us. Near by was a pile of odds and ends, blankets, earthenware pots, vessels made of reeds, and leather reins. Evidently the owner had been surprised before he could finish the job of packing, and had left the camel and his worldly goods to their fate. In another place the only living thing was a donkey, who grazed quietly off the coarse scrub. A bleat and a bark brought us to two other smaller survivors that had been left behind by the enemy in their hurried departure, in the shape of a lamb only a few days old and a white puppy, both which were picked up and brought in. In all the other gullies we traversed the same thing was to be seen—eloquent testimony to the effect of modern artillery: the enemy's line of retreat did not need to be pointed out. Further down the Wadi we came across some infantry with thirty or forty prisoners and a considerable number of camels and live stock.

It was nearing sundown now, and we were ordered to return to camp. On leaving the gully we again came under heavy fire, but although the dust was flying in all directions no one was hit. Marching on Orion, we arrived back in camp about 8.30, just in time to get soaked whilst watering. It was a hard day both for men and horses, and quite unlike one's usual Christmas Day, which is as well to think, as one would get bored with too many repetitions of it. I subsequently learnt from the official figures that we had accounted for over 300 killed and 70 prisoners taken. We were unable to estimate their wounded, as they are very particular to get them away. Our own casualties were under fifty (mostly wounded). On the 28th we went "strafing" in the other direction, as Sidi Harun was reported to be near Jera Wallah with 800 to 1000 rifle. We trekked east to Jera Wallah and bivouacked there that night. An early start was made next day, but we found the camp had been hurriedly evacuated. In one cave,

DR. E. J. DILLON.

We regret that we are unable to give this week an article by Dr. Dillon, as usual. We shall print one in our next issue.

evidently the abode or office of one of their staff-wallahs we found a crude table with papers and a revolver. Among the papers was an estimate of their losses on Christmas Day, which were computed at 800. We also captured live stock and about sixty camels. The former were very poor, and some of the sheep weighed only about 16 lb. The other day we went out and had a 'look' at Um Rakhum, which is near the scene of our Christmas Day show. It was entirely deserted, and some of the flat-topped stone buildings which constitute the village seemed to have suffered from shell fire. Near the village on the side of a steep hill, we found some of their caves. Our Egyptologist assured me they were prehistoric. All I know is their late occupants had left nothing but hosts of a small, very unpleasant insect, which we were only able to deal with effectively with Keatings on our return to camp.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CAROLINE." AT THE NEW

THERE are few better themes for comic treatment than the tragedy of suddenly achieving what you have always regarded as the unattainable, and Mr. Somerset Maugham has made capital fun out of the subject in his stage story of "Caroline." The heroine is a grass widow who for ten years has been wooed platonically by a barrister of mark, and has had the time of her life during the courtship. The hopelessness of their passion has been its charm; it has lent eloquence to the lover, and put Caroline herself upon a throne. To such slaves of habit, then, how disconcerting is the news that the obstacle to their union has inconsiderately died, and so forced them to contemplate a change of relationship! Such a crude realisation of the ideal as marriage appalls both of them, and the scene in which the K.C., all his ardour drained out of him, primes himself for the business of a proposal and bursts into delighted laughter when refused is as happy a piece of comedy as any modern playwright has invented. Of course, it is artificial comedy, full of sparkle and wit, but not dealing with flesh-and-blood characters: thought of in any but a fantastic atmosphere, Caroline's tepid admirers and unpleasant women friends would almost make you shudder. But consider them as marionettes, and their antics, with the strings in the hands of a master of his craft, are superlatively diverting. You laugh at each turn of the machinery, you explode when Caroline, in her dread of middle-age, hits on the device of pretending her husband is still alive and so restores the *status quo*. What is more, thanks to the consummate art of Miss Irene Vanbrugh, you forget that Caroline at least is a puppet, and revel in every phase of her frivolity. For the rest, playgoers will find Miss Lillah McCarthy and Miss Nina Sevening in the cast, and will be nicely puzzled as to whether the low tones of Mr. Leonard Boyne's K.C. are part of an old habit or are due to his conception of his rôle.

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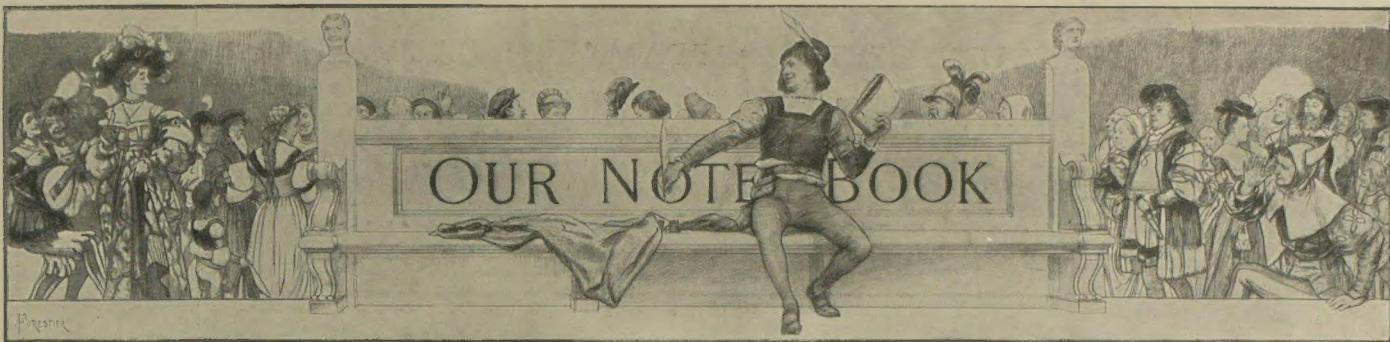
NEW NOVELS.

"The Super-Spy" is anybody in the humour to know, through the medium of sensational fiction, who really made the war between Germany and England? We rather fancy "The Super-Spy" (Melrose) will be read with a considerable amount of enjoyment in gun-rooms and hospital wards and base camps, where the people of action enjoy such entertainment hugely. For this reason "The Super-Spy" deserves a welcome. The stay-at-homes, with pessimists on the hearth, are less likely to find its full-blooded, hair-raising plot to their taste. "On the morning following the dinner Grossmann arrived at Cinema Castle at half-past nine o'clock. He bounded out of his two thousand guineas' worth of motor-car and lunged up the steps of his feudal-looking offices like a man leading a charge." He bounds—in more senses than one—through many thrilling situations, the bloated Grossmann, master of the Cinema Trust, and secret agent of Germany. He employs the beautiful Liane, in whom all men find the type of siren they desire. There is a net woven over foolish Old England. Is he, then, the super-spy? Is Liane? What, anyhow, if you come to that, is a super-spy? The answer is obvious. Read the story and find out, before the last chapter—if you can. For all its hustle, "The Super-Spy" appears by internal evidences to be an all-British product. It is quite a good performance in shockers. Has Mr. Andrew Melrose discovered a new Guy Boothby?

"*Zeppelin Nights.*" In London, in the Great War, a party of friends gathered together to keep each other company in the blind nights when the Zeppelin terror was abroad. This is the first we have heard of the Zeppelin as a bogey of the dimensions received by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer and Miss Violet Hunt. Something must be attributed to the artistic imagination: with a few broad splashes of colour—such as the little Belgian girl from Antwerp who squeaks eerily "Zep! Zep!" at intervals—a gorgeous, if thoroughly artificial, effect of London under the "Night Hag" is depicted in the background of Serapion's stories. "Just as the inhabitants of that old Italian city of Florence found refuge in the dreary institution of the Decameron, certain days night by night formed themselves in this greatest of cities and, with one anodyne or another, drugged themselves." Just so! And yet we fail to see that "*Zeppelin Nights*" (John Lane) is really an improvement upon *La Caccia*. . . . Serapion improves the minds of his readers with clever little vignettes of history—an eyewitness at the burning of Joan of Arc, for instance; theardon of Bernard de Born; Hendrik Hudson adrift in the frozen North. And in the end Serapion, very properly, carries on story-telling. He harangues his audience on the usage of the darkened streets, and he enlists; whereupon at least of the party is left in tears. Very clever, conceivably clever, is "*Zeppelin Nights*"; and one wonders whether it will be taken literally in Germany, if it ever arrives there.

"The Little Blind God." The genesis of "The Little Blind God" (Melrose) we may assume to have been on this wise. Miss Anne Weaver is found, pen in hand, harbouring the germ of plot. She has conceived the idea of a secret staircase leading from the gallery of Conyers End to the dining-room, a staircase once used by the wicked Lady Conyers, and discovered a century later by her successor's ward, the innocent Barbara. Worked out to a convenient length, there is a novel in that. . . . What use shall Barbara make of her discovery? A lovers' meeting is barred, being the wicked lady's property. Intercept a duel! A duel? Well, then, the period must be the eighteenth century—and thus we have Sir Simon and all the rest (who might equally well, as far as other details go, belong to the present day) ruffing it in powder and knee-breeches. There is little or no Georgian atmosphere; but there is a passable love-story, which makes the best of that hackneyed theme, the clandestine meeting with a long-lost brother by the heroine, who is, of course, overseen by the villain and accused of intrigue. This, and other trite little incidents in "The Little Blind God" are too familiar to be more than moderately interesting. Yet what Miss Weaver lacks in originality she provides compensation for in a seemly sense of proportion, and in an engaging and disarming belief in her own powers of characterisation. No fiery genius informs her book; but it makes quite a pleasant companion for an idle evening.

"Broken Stowage." "The Brassbounder" raised expectations, and "Broken Stowage" (Duckworth) does not disappoint them. David Bone is too modest in his otherwise excellent "Broken stowage": packages to be used as Dunnage, wherever required to assist stowage—this is about as far a name as could be found for a collection of seafaring chases and short stories. They are the real thing—the nineteenth-century merchant service; and it is as to have it crystallised in a sailor's statement, seeing it is passing, at this day and hour, before our unseeing eyes. The brass-bound apprentice goes on, but his time-sailing-ships is very nearly done. Anyone with a boy out to sea will tell you that. Mr. Bone gives us a vivid picture of the lad who joined his ship at Emden, from Holland, bound for San Francisco. There he is, solitary, but befriended, a freeman straightway of the seamen's grog-shops at Schiedam, the proud if anxious possessor of a sea-chest full of a brand-new outfit. The next sketch is the other end of some other seaman's story—old Captain Day, who lost the *Centurion*, and was glad to get back to sea again as a junior officer, white-haired and bent, for ever more, by the story of the ship that had beaten him. This book is better worth reading than nine of ten novels, because it is the truth about the men who go down to the sea in ships, and nowhere more than here is the truth hard to come by.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

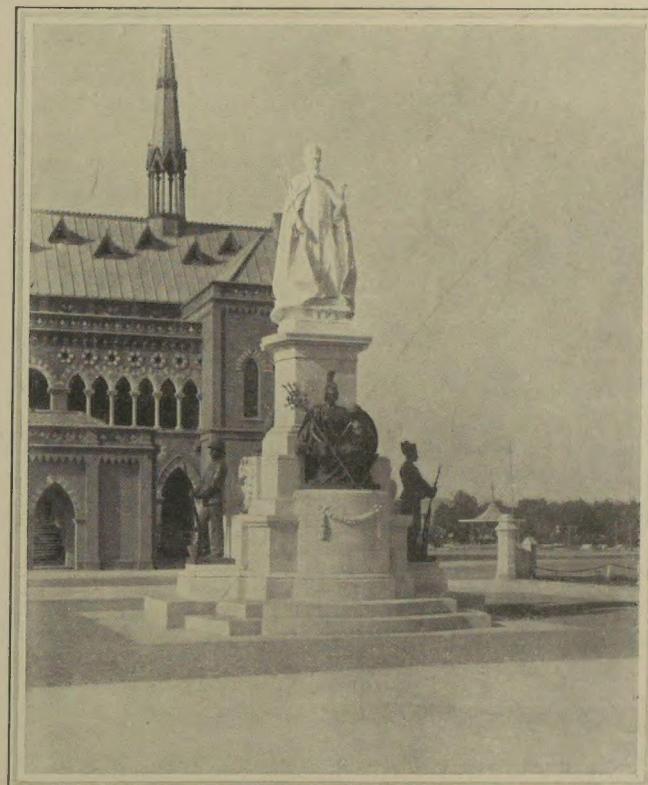
THERE is a case against Germany which has nothing to do with English patriotism or with feelings such as my own about the armed resurrection of my country, feelings which would, indeed, demand poetry rather than prose; and it would never do if I suddenly burst into song in the middle of this page. This imagination which is necessary in the case of neutrals is equally advisable in the case of countries which must be treated in an individual manner; groups with a special history which has to be taken into consideration, of which perhaps the two gravest examples are the Irish and the Mohammedans of India. Such a problem as that of the East I will leave to those who know something about it. But I do know something about the Irish attitude; and what I know is at least assisted by a long and unalterable sympathy with their national enthusiasm. And, having made every allowance for their difficulties and ours in the matter, I can still put my own opinion with considerable plainness and simplicity. It consists of two equally absolute sentiments. First, I cannot understand any Englishman being such a fool as to ask for Irish help in the name of anything except Irish ideals. And second, I cannot understand any Irishman being such a fool as to refuse that help in the light of those ideals. It is self-evident that an Irishman must look at the quarrel without any English prejudices. But it seems to me quite equally self-evident that if he does look at it without English prejudices, or without any prejudices, he must see that Prussia has always been, and now is, the cold incarnation of a hatred of all that he holds dear—the natural enemy of his nationality and of all nationality. It is here that the little I have seen written by the small Irish minority opposed to the Allies seems to me curiously illogical. It seems to me not so much an extreme of Irish nationalism as rather a contradiction of it. For instance, I find Mr. Sheehy Skeffington, writing in an American magazine, saying that when we remind the Irish of Prussia's relentless part in the war of the kings against French and Irish democracy, or when we recall the fact that the German soldier behaved in Ireland as bestially as he does in Belgium, our argument is a boomerang which recoils upon ourselves, because it was the English who were the allies of Prussia and the paymasters of the German mercenaries.

Now, this argument of Mr. Skeffington's does not in any way whatever, good or bad, work for the independence of Ireland. On the contrary, it works for the most absurd and ignominious dependence of Ireland. It means that the Irish people is to have no opinion of its own at all about the great controversy of the world and the white civilisation. Its action must be nothing but the reaction of England. It must play for ever the petty provincial game of watching what England is doing, and doing the opposite. If England finds it convenient to enfranchise somebody, Ireland must oppose the enfranchisement. If England raises a subscription to relieve a famine in Central Asia, Ireland must intercept the food and prolong the starvation. If England adopts Tariff Reform after the next general election, the Irish must all become rigid Cobdenites on the spot. If England discovers, as she is more and more discovering, that there is something to be said for peasant proprietors, Ireland must instantly discover that there is nothing to be said for peasant proprietors. She must discover it, although she is herself producing out of them an

unexpected prosperity which may be a model for the world. If England discovers, as she is more and more discovering, that there is a Christian, and especially a Latin, tradition of temperance which is not teetotalism, Ireland must become fanatically teetotal. If England discovers, as she has just most emphatically discovered, that pacifism is a fool's paradise, the Irishmen must be the fools. The logical upshot of it must be, I suppose, that if England became Catholic Ireland must become Protestant. I need not add that if England happened to propose the reconstitution of Poland, the Irish patriot must proceed to justify the partition of Poland. For any Irishman who is a Pro-German is already justifying two out of the three Powers which effected that crime, and (what is much

the whole world. Ireland has clung to ideals while the world in its eclipse of cynicism derided them; and it is highly ridiculous that any of her sons should begin to prove her wrong when the course of history has begun to prove her right.

Now, if tested by any of these universal ideals of which I have spoken, there is simply no doubt at all about Ireland's proper place in the war. It is certainly true that men like Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet used the foreign power of France because it offered a chance for Irish freedom. But it is most certainly not true that men like Wolfe Tone or Robert Emmet would have regarded one foreign Power as pretty much like another, or would have been indifferent to the crushing of the French Revolution considered as a human revolution. Robert Emmet desired to be without an epitaph until Ireland was delivered. But I am certain he would prefer to do without an epitaph for ever rather than have written on his tomb, "Here lies Robert Emmet, who helped the King of Prussia to destroy the independence of Belgium." Wolfe Tone committed suicide after the failure of his enterprise. But I think he would have committed suicide before the beginning of his enterprise if he had believed it would succeed in putting an Emperor and his Junkers to police half the small States of the world. The connection of the great Irish patriots with the Republican cause on the Continent was emphatically not, as a mere fact of history, an accidental bargain made by indifferent men for individual purposes. It was not a trivial or a cynical connection; it was an ideal and philosophical sympathy of the young men of Ireland with what they conceived to be the young hopes of the world. I do not speak here, though the conclusion is equally plain, of the other or religious tradition of the Irish. I will only remark in passing upon the fact that all the German Empire's proceedings which are even alleged to be favourable to Catholicism have so far consisted of words, while all those unfavourable to Catholicism have consisted of most unquestionable deeds. The same warning is even clearer in the case of the liberal tradition of national independence and international justice. And it would have been an anomaly near to madness if Prussian militarism and materialism had procured the service of Ireland, even if they had guaranteed to her that separate and individual sanctity which they guaranteed so satisfactorily to Belgium.



THE NEW MONUMENT TO KING EDWARD IN THE CAPITAL OF SIND: MR. HAMO

THORNCROFT'S FINE WORK UNVEILED AT KARACHI.

The statuary for the Sind Memorial to King Edward, on which Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., was working for three years, has been safely shipped to Karachi and is now in place in the beautiful public gardens near the Frere Hall in that city. The colossal statue of the King, in his Coronation robes, is in marble, as is the pedestal; the subsidiary groups are in bronze. Karachi, near the mouth of the Indus, is one of the four great seaports of India.—[Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd.]

more important) especially justifying the Power which especially conceived and contrived the partition, and which has especially used and abused it.

Very few Irishmen, I think, in Ireland—and no Irishmen I have met in England—agree with Mr. Skeffington's curious idea. Irishmen will not promise only to stick to the wearing of the green so long as somebody else strictly confines himself to the contrary colour of red. Most of them find something insufficient in the rôle of watching to see how the British Lion jumps before they make up their minds about the tearing up of treaties in Belgium or the refusal of arbitration for Serbia. A nation full of new national energies in everything, from literature to land development, presumably conceives that it has some right to think for itself about whether it will be on the side of tyranny or liberty in a war of

Those who represent the war as a mere collision of Empires are talking of names and not things. The word "Empire" is applied to the Russian achievement, as also to the British; but not only are the things quite different from the German, but they are quite different from each other. What any neutral or semi-independent group has to consider is, as I have said, the universal principle upon which any of the parties are acting. The Russian Empire, like the British, has been capable of destroying nationalities, as all men are capable of all crimes. But it is the mere fact that in this war Russia is not acting in her capacity as a destroyer of peoples, but in her capacity as a protector of them. And the thing against which she is acting is a thing which, until its present peril, never even pretended to protect anything or anybody—Prussia, the heartless heart of all the evil interpretations of empire.

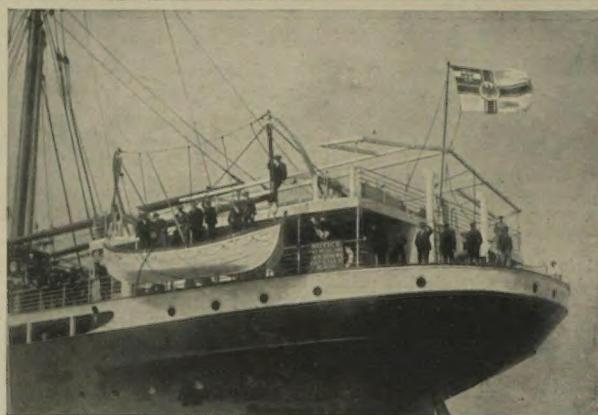
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THE STRANGE CAPTURE OF THE "APPAM": IN HAMPTON ROADS, U.S.A.

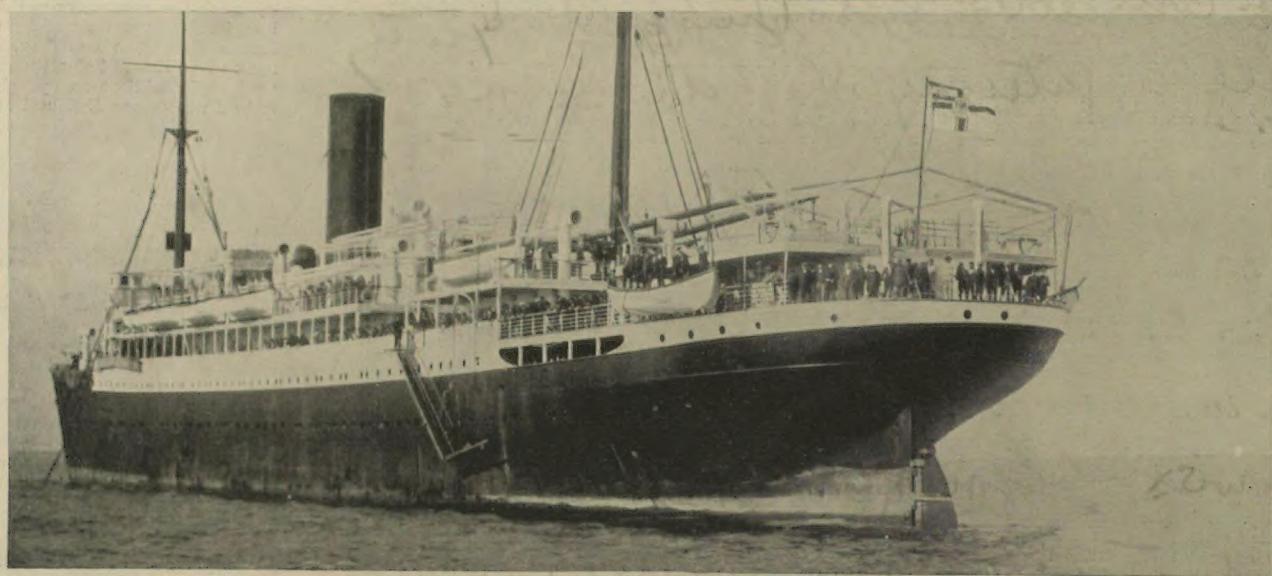
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BRITISH PASSENGERS AS GERMAN PRISONERS: WAITING FOR NEWS AT THE GANGWAY OF THE "APPAM," WHERE A GERMAN Sentry KEPT GUARD.



THE FLAG UNDER WHICH THE "APPAM" ENTERED UNITED STATES WATERS: A STERN VIEW OF THE SHIP, SHOWING THE GERMAN NAVAL ENSIGN HOISTED.



AS THE CAPTURED "APPAM" APPEARED IMMEDIATELY AFTER SHE HAD LET GO ANCHOR: THE LINER FLYING THE GERMAN MAN-OF-WAR FLAG.



ON THE WAY TO TELEGRAPH TO COUNT BERNSTORFF AT WASHINGTON: LIEUT. BERG LANDING FROM THE QUARANTINE OFFICER'S BOAT.

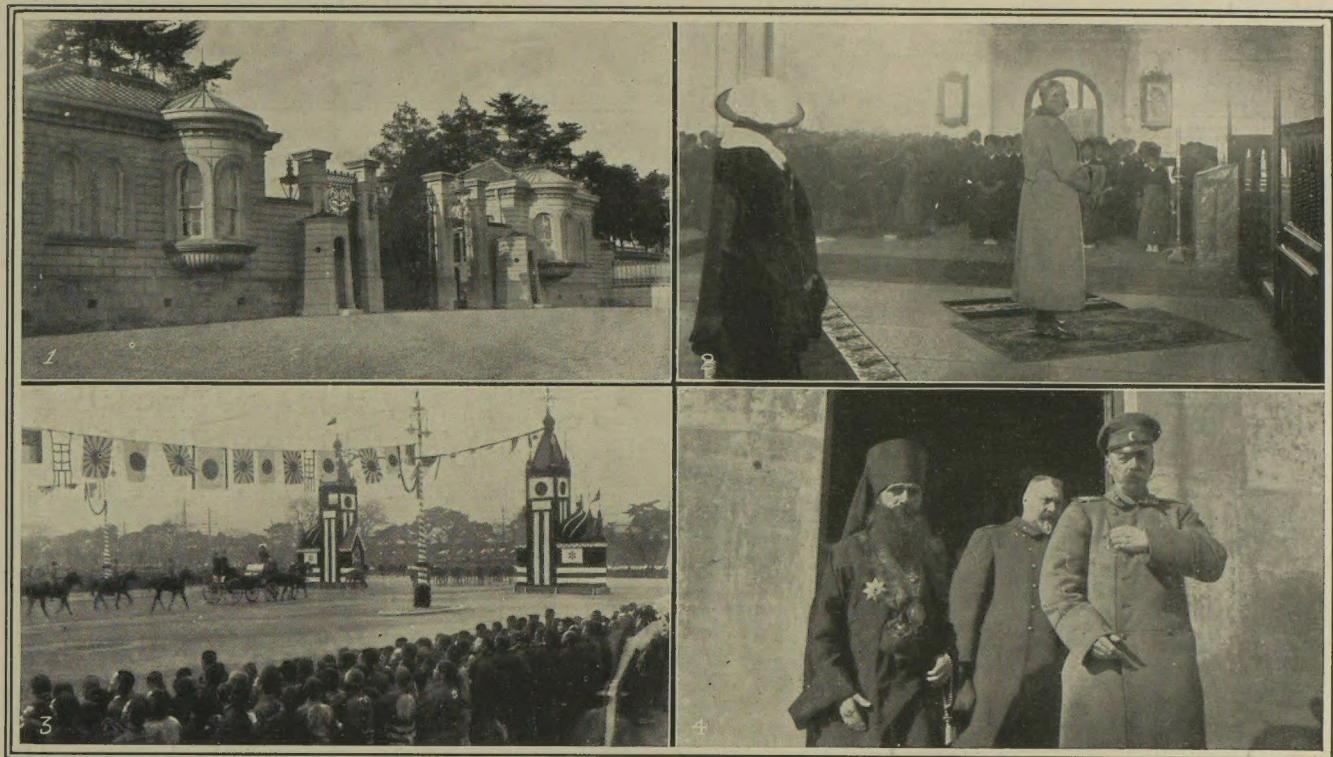


WAITING TO KNOW THE U.S. AUTHORITIES' DECISION AS TO THEIR FATE: SOME OF THE PASSENGERS OF THE "APPAM."

The "Appam," an Elder-Dempster liner, from the West Coast of Africa, with a large number of passengers on board, was overdue for a fortnight during the latter part of January, and grave anxiety was expressed as to her possible fate, extremely stormy weather having prevailed off the Canary Islands just when the ship should have been in those waters. Further, one of her lifeboats was found, empty and damaged. Then, suddenly, came news that the "Appam" had been brought into Hampton Roads, Virginia, in the United States, flying the German naval ensign and a prize to a German cruiser, then said to be the "Möwe," which had captured her on January 15. The "Möwe," the real

identity of which is uncertain, as also where she came from and how she got to sea, reported the destruction of seven British cargo-ships during her cruise. She was disguised, and mounted guns behind collapsible bulwarks. Lieut. Berg, the German officer in charge of the captured "Appam," went ashore on arrival and telegraphed to Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at Washington, on which diplomatic negotiations with the United States Government, as to the status of the "Appam," followed. These continue. The passengers, among whom was Sir E. Merewether, Governor of Sierra Leone, were landed by order of the U.S. Government, free to proceed to their destinations.

Russo-Japanese Friendship: The Grand Ducal Visit to Tokyo.



1. WHERE THE GRAND DUKE MIKHAILOVITCH STAYED IN TOKYO: THE KASUMIGASEKI PALACE—THE ENTRANCE GATES.

3. A REPLICA OF THE "CORONATION" SCENES, BUT MORE ANIMATED: A POPULAR WELCOME TO THE GRAND DUKE ON HIS ARRIVAL AT TOKYO.

2. IN THE RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL AT TOKYO: THE GRAND DUKE MIKHAILOVITCH AND A JAPANESE CONGREGATION.

4. THE TSAR'S ENVOY TO THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN: THE GRAND DUKE MIKHAILOVITCH (ON THE RIGHT) AT THE RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL, TOKYO.

The friendship between Russia and Japan, already fostered by the Japanese aid in the war, has been still further strengthened by the visit of the Grand Duke Mikhailovitch to Tokyo as the Tsar's personal envoy to congratulate the Emperor of Japan on his enthronement. The Emperor Yoshihito went in person to meet the Grand Duke at Tokyo station at his arrival on January 12—a signal honour he has never before shown to any foreign visitor. The popular welcome was no less cordial, and the scene was practically a replica of the Emperor's return from his enthronement, though more animated, as the

people then were not allowed to shout "Banzai!" In place of the triumphal arch stood two pillars decorated with Japanese and Russian flags and words of welcome in Russian. The Grand Duke drove from the station, with Prince Kanin, escorted by lancers, to the Kasumigaseki Palace, where he stayed. During his visit a round of ceremonies, political conferences, and festivities took place. The Grand Duke left Tokyo on January 22 for other visits in Japan, and arranged to sail for Korea on the 27th. [Photographs by Record Press.]

In Memory of the Greatest Shipwreck on Record: The "Titanic" Statue for Washington.



TO BE ERECTED IN POTOMAC PARK AT WASHINGTON: THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL STATUE TO THE VICTIMS OF THE "TITANIC."

This great memorial statue in memory of the 1500 people lost in the "Titanic" disaster on April 14, 1912, was designed by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and Mr. John Horrigan, the sculptor, of Quincy, Mass. The gigantic figure, which represents the last inspiration of a departing soul, is neither male nor female, but expresses the heroic qualities of man and woman. Mr. Horrigan cut the figure from a block of

red granite weighing 45 tons, from the Smalley quarry at Westerly, R.I. The finished statue will weigh 25 tons and will stand on a pedestal 12 ft. square and 10 ft. high in Potomac Park, at Washington, whether it will be conveyed by boat, probably by March 1. The cost, 40,000 dollars (£5000) was raised by public subscription. [Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

HORSES AS STRETCHER-BEARERS: A COSSACK AMBULANCE CONVOY AT THE FRONT.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPING-WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS IN THE FIELD.



STRETCHERS SLUNG ON BAMBOOS BETWEEN HORSES: COSSACKS BRINGING IN WOUNDED BY A METHOD BOTH SPEEDY AND HUMANE, ESPECIALLY IN DIFFICULT COUNTRY.

In the above illustration is shown a method which is in use in the Russian Army medical service and, in particular, among the mounted Cossack divisions when they are in the field operating in mountainous or difficult country. A somewhat similar method of transporting the wounded, in mule-litters, was employed by the medical department of Wellington's army in the Peninsular War of a hundred years ago, taking the idea from the Napoleonic army hospital service in Spain. It has since been used also by the French in their wars among the mountains of Algeria, and also by various belligerents in civil wars in Central and South America. The Cossack method is to make fast a pair of long bamboo poles between two horses,

one ahead, and the other in rear. To these, as a supporting carrier-frame, is attached, slung midway, the stretcher bearing the wounded. In that manner, wounded are often conveyed to a field hospital at some distance from the battlefield over very rough and steep ground, and with remarkable comfort to the men. The "give" of the supple bamboo serves the purpose of springs peculiarly well, taking any jolts or shocks en route, while a steady rate of speed can be maintained. A troop of Circassian Cossacks in their distinctive uniform is seen here leaving a battlefield and bringing in a number of wounded. Some Cossacks are riding alongside the convoy as armed escort.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FAMED IN OUR EMPIRE STORY: "ANZAC," OF IMPERISHABLE MEMORY.

OFFICIAL PRESS BUREAU PHOTOGRAPHS, SUPPLIED BY C.N.



THE SCENE OF THE HEROIC LANDING, AND THE CAMPS BY THE BAY: A VIEW OF "ANZAC,"
LOOKING TOWARDS SUVLA.



THE WAY OF THE WOUNDED AT "ANZAC": THE GULLY ROUTE TO THE HOSPITAL.

In the upper illustration is given an expansive view of "Anzac" (looking towards Suvla Bay), where the Australian and New Zealand Corps, after their famous landing, held on until after Lord Kitchener's visit to the Dardanelles. Their withdrawal without the

enemy discovering it is one of the exploits of the war. In the lower illustration is seen the shell-pitted open stretch of scrub across which the wounded were carried back to the beach along the road through a shallow gully.

THE CONQUEST OF THE CAMEROON: A FRANCO-BRITISH TRIUMPH.

THE German position at Garua, surrendered to the British and French on June 10, was exceedingly strong. The British officer whose account of the entry into Garua is quoted on our double-page dealing with the subject, writes: "The old fort . . . contains underground bomb-proof shelters for the garrison; a deep ditch filled with upright spears surrounds it, and outside this is a 20-ft. broad barbed-wire entanglement; beyond this an abatis of felled prickly acacia trees, and outside this again a maze of 10-ft. deep circular holes, cunningly covered over, with poisoned spears stuck upright in the bottom. (These *trous-de-loup* are seen on the left in the lower photograph). Every bungalow is also strongly fortified, and surrounded in the same way with barbed-wire entanglements and covered-over pits. It is

[Continued opposite.]



THE TRICOLOUR IN THE CAMEROON: A HOUSE OCCUPIED BY LIEUT-COLONEL BRISSET, COMMANDING THE NORTHERN FRENCH COLUMN, AT NASSARAO, THIRTY-ONE MILES NORTH-EAST OF GARUA.

[Continued.]
entanglement; beyond this an abatis of felled prickly acacia trees, and outside this again a maze of 10-ft. deep circular holes, cunningly covered over, with poisoned spears stuck upright in the bottom. (These *trous-de-loup* are seen on the left in the lower photograph). Every bungalow is also strongly fortified, and surrounded in the same way with barbed-wire entanglements and covered-over pits. It is
[Continued below.]



"EVERY DEVICE KNOWN IN FIELD FORTIFICATION" USED BY THE GERMANS AT GARUA: A BLOCKHOUSE SMASHED BY THE ALLIED ARTILLERY—SHOWING (BEYOND, ON THE LEFT) PART OF THE *TROUS-DE-LOUP* ENCIRLING THE FORT.

Continued.

absolutely dangerous to move about anywhere without prodding the ground in front of one first." In a postscript the writer adds: "I have now been round all the forts surrounding Garua, and am amazed at the skill and ingenuity shown in their construction. They are most formidable works. Every device known in field fortification has been employed: everything carefully thought out and provided for. Underground bomb-proof shelters of bricks and cement, store-rooms filled with food, large iron tanks for water, and underground field-hospital in each. Comfortable bomb-proof rooms for Europeans, etc. A strongly built circular mud wall, revetted with gabions and fascines, embrasured and loop-holed

for rifle-fire, surrounds each fort. Outside this is a broad, deep ditch crossed by a single drawbridge, a barbed-wire entanglement outside the ditch, then a circle of abattis, next a broad line of deep pits with spears stuck in each, and carefully covered over, and the ground outside these pits sprinkled over with broken glass and bamboo splinters. Each fort is within a distance of 400 to 500 yards from the next, and a fairly stiff climb up the slope. Telephones connect up with the old fort and the Commandant's bungalow, nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ miles away. . . . The moral effect of bursting melinite and lyddite, combined with our gradual approach, shook the nerves of their native troops and demoralised them."

THE VICTORIOUS ANGLO-FRENCH DRIVE IN THE CAMEROON: THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN GARRISON AT GARUA.



SALUTING THE TRICOLOUR AND THE UNION JACK HOISTED OVER THE GERMAN COMMANDANT'S HOUSE : THE ENTRY OF THE FRANCO-BRITISH FORCES INTO BRITISH INFANTRY ; (IN THE EXTREME RIGHT



GARUA ON JUNE 11, 1915—SHOWING (IN THE FOREGROUND) FRENCH COLONIAL TROOPS ; (BEYOND THEM, TO THE LEFT) ARTILLERY, AND (BEYOND AGAIN) BACKGROUND ONE OF THE GERMAN FORTS.



MOST CORDIAL RELATIONS : (LEFT TO RIGHT) MAJOR WRIGHT, LIEUT. COOK, COLONEL CUNLIFFE, AND LIEUT.-COLONEL BRISSET, AT GARUA AFTER ITS SURRENDER.

THE unconditional surrender of Garua and its garrison to the Allied Forces in Cameroon took place on the evening of June 10, 1915. One of the British officers, in a memorandum sent to Sir F. Lugard (Governor-General of Nigeria) and later issued by the Colonial Office, after describing the bombardment and the surrender, conveys : "At daybreak the next morning (June 11), leaving our camp standing, we marched into Garua, past all three forts, with all our guns, and the remainder of our troops, halted in front of the Commandant's house, pulled down the German flag, and with a flourish of bugles hoisted up the Union Jack and the Tricolour—side by side! Our total bag—so far as I can gather up to this moment—is 37 European prisoners (nearly all officers or N.C.O.'s) and 270 native rank and file (Schützen) ; also 4 field-guns (3 intact), 10 Maxim guns (5 intact), (Continued opposite)



EFFECTS OF THE ARTILLERY FIRE WHICH A FORGE WRECKED BY



DEMOLISHED THE GERMAN GARRISON AT GARUA : A FRENCH 95-MM. SHELL.

[Continued.] and several hundred rifles not counted yet ; large quantities of equipment . . . and an immense amount of small-arm ammunition. . . . It appeared that their men were completely demoralised by our shell-fire—melancholy and liddite. One lucky shell bursting on No. 2 fort is said to have penetrated a bomb-proof shelter and exploded inside, killing most of those in there. They began mutinising and refusing to man the forts on the 9th ; and on the 10th, when our bombardment was very accurate and severe, a good number of their cavalry broke loose, seized their horses and rifles, and bolted. . . . It is almost incredible the extraordinary luck we have had in capturing the place without the loss of a single life. The whole frontier of the Yola Province is now clear. . . . In conclusion, I would like to tell you how cordial our relations have been with the French officers and troops ; not a single case of friction."



KEEPING THE 14TH OF JULY AT NGAUDERE, CAMEROON : (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) LIEUT.-COLONEL WEBB-BOWEN, LIEUT.-COLONEL BRISSET, AND LIEUT. STRONG.

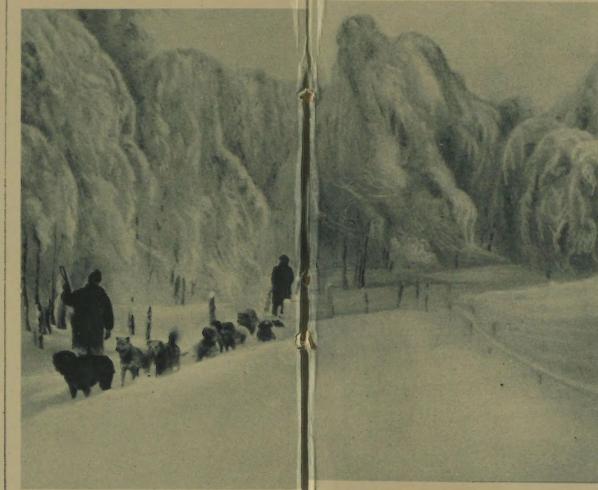
Since the capture of Garua on June 10, the Franco-British forces have continued their victorious progress. Ngaundere, at which the right-hand lower photograph was taken, is about 120 miles south of Garua, with which it is connected by road, and about 150 miles south-east of Yola, in Nigeria, the starting-point of part of the British operations. The Press Bureau announced yesterday of the middle of July last : "The Secretary of State for the Colonies has received a telegram from the Government of Nigeria reporting that on June 29 the Allied forces occupied Ngaundere, an important town in the Central Cameroons. Our losses were two rank and file killed, and eight wounded." Ngaundere is a central point where a number of roads leading to various parts of the Cameroon converge. It was captured after a brilliant engagement. The Allies then pushed on, capturing Kontcha on June 30, Tinga a fortnight later, Gashaka on August 16, and Tibati on November 3. Meanwhile, another British force moving east from Edea captured Wumbagason on October 9, after a fight lasting thirty hours. Thus one by one all the important points surrounding Yaunde, the German capital since the taking of Buea in November 1914, fell into the Allies' hands. "On

January 1" (to quote a War Office communiqué) "the British force under Colonel Gorges occupied Yaunde in Cameroon. The enemy retreated to the south and south-east. The German Government officials fled from Yaunde." Later, it was officially announced : "Since the occupation of Yaunde by the Allied Forces on January 1 columns have been despatched to the west, south-west, and south of that place, with the object of pressing the enemy's retreat towards the coast, and endeavouring to cut off his retreat into Muni, in Spanish territory." Strong French columns moved southwards towards the frontier of Spanish Guinea. Many armed deserters from the enemy surrendered, but a number succeeded in reaching the Spanish colony. A Ruter message of February 7 from Madrid said that a steamer had been sent to Muni to bring about 2000 German subjects to Spain for internment. It was reported (unofficially) that they included about 900 German soldiers from the Cameron, who had crossed into Spanish Guinea, and were disarmed along with 14,000 of their native troops. The capture of Yaunde was, of course, the culminating point of the campaign, and the subsequent fighting has been in the nature of "rounding-up" operations.

FROM THE ARCTIC CIRCLE TO ALSACE: ESKIMO AND ALASKAN DOGS SERVING AT THE FRONT IN FRANCE.



AN ESKIMO DOG ON SENTRY DUTY: WATCHING ACROSS THE SNOW, AND READY TO GROWL AT THE FIRST SUSPICIOUS SIGN.



ALASKAN DOGS AT WORK, AS AT HOME. TRANSPORT-TEAM TRaversing A SNOW-COVERED GLADE IN THE VOSGES.



BRINGING INFORMATION FROM THE OUTPOST LINE: ONE OF THE MESSENGER-SERVICE DOGS JUST ARRIVED WITH A LETTER.



THE WINTER PATROL GARS OF THE CHASSEURS ALPINS: A "SKI" COMPANY IN WHITE BLOUSES TO TONE WITH THE SNOW—ON LINKEKOFF HEIGHTS.



THE OFFICER WHO GOT TOGETHER THE ESKIMO AND ALASKAN DOGS FOR FRANCE: LIEUT. HAAS, FRENCH CONSUL IN ALASKA, AT THE HEAD OF A TEAM.

It will probably come as a very curious and interesting piece of news to a great many people that the Eskimo dog, an animal which has hitherto figured almost exclusively in narratives of Arctic exploration and adventure, is being turned to useful account at the front as a species of "war dog." Employed in a special capacity, he is doing excellent service. With the Eskimo dog, his congener, the Alaskan dog, has also been called into war service. The French are employing both types of dogs for the winter campaign in the Vosges, where mountains and valleys lie deep in snow. The supply of the dogs was arranged for by the former French Consul in Alaska, who sent several hundred over and came himself at the end of last autumn to instruct those men of the Chasseurs Alpins who were put in charge of the dog-teams. A regular dog-transport service with sledges has been set on foot in the Vosges to keep the troops

in the front line supplied with munitions and commissariat stores and assist the ambulance service, the dogs being organised in "companies" of 200 or 220 animals each. The dog-teams work with nine-dogs each, eight couples and a leader, the latter always a picked animal of superior intelligence and trained to understand the orders of the man in charge. Some of the Eskimo dogs are also employed by the Chasseurs Alpins as sentry-dogs at the lonely posts in the snow, on reconnoitring patrol service, and message-carrying where the telephone-wires are down, or where it is impossible to lay a wire. The French on other portions of the front, in Champagne and Artois, employ various other kinds of dogs, mostly animals of home breeds: dogs from Picardy, Alsace, and Languedoc, and also a number of Belgian dogs. Upwards of 50 per cent. of the war dogs, it is stated, have been wounded, and about a quarter of the total killed.

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



SCHOOLING AT BUNGEYERS [PROSPERITY ON THEIR GROUND STUDENTS OUT OF SCHOOL (16TH CENTURY)]



UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A DOCTOR RECEIVING THE SIGNS OF HIS DEGREE.



LEARNING UNDER THE SPREAD OF A CLOISTER OF A CATHEDRAL: STUDENTS IN SCHOL (16TH CENTURY).

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE ZEPPELIN PROBLEM.

SINCE the subject was last touched on in this column the Zeppelins have visited us in greater numbers than hitherto, and have dropped bombs over a large area of country. Although no very serious or military damage has been the result, the fact that they have done so shows that their efficiency has improved, either by the perfecting of their machinery or—as is more probable—by the proficiency in handling them which their commanders and crews have necessarily acquired by practice, or by both causes combined. Much has been said in the Press and elsewhere as to the means which have been used in the past and which should be adopted in the future to defend ourselves against such attacks, and some very ill-informed statements have been made with regard to them. It may be well, therefore, to examine them in some detail.

In the first place, it has been said that our anti-aircraft guns have been proved useless; but nothing can be further from the fact. On the contrary, it seems clear that these guns have amply fulfilled their purpose in forcing the hostile airships to ascend to such a height that it has been impossible for them to aim their missiles with anything like certainty, or even to have any but a very faint idea of where they were. A comparison of the English and German reports of the late raid makes this perfectly plain to any unprejudiced person. The complaint that the authorities ought to provide more guns is unreasonable. Unlike our Allies the French, we have a sea-board of some thousand miles exposed to the

submarine can fight another submarine; and everybody who has shot at a rocketing pheasant must know how very unlikely a gun fired from an unsteady platform is to hit even a relatively large object moving at some 50 miles an hour. The story that has been put about to the effect that a Zeppelin can mount to a high altitude more quickly than an aeroplane has, as we shall

would be of little avail against an adversary that could reach, as some aeroplanes have actually done, a height of 20,000 feet. When it is a question of manoeuvring for the upper position, we know whether it is the hawk or the heron which is likely to win it. Moreover, the one advantage which Mr. F. W. Lanchester, in his just-published book, "Aircraft in Warfare," allows to the airship over the aeroplane—i.e., capability to keep the air for twice as long and therefore increased range in the same proportion—although of advantage to a raider, is of little use to the defence.

We are therefore forced to consider the aeroplane as the most likely weapon to be successfully used by us against Zeppelins, especially when they have been driven to a great height by the fire or the menace of land guns. Mr. Lanchester, in the book just mentioned, makes it plain that the power of the aeroplane in this capacity is much underrated by the general public; that it can already move horizontally at twice the speed of which any airship yet built is capable; and that, while no increase in the size of the Zeppelin seems possible, the limit in this respect of the aeroplane has not nearly been reached. He is also clear that many existing aeroplanes can "make altitude," to use his own expression, at a speed of from 700 feet to 800 feet per minute, or more quickly than any Zeppelin,

and that when equipped with a quick-firing gun with high muzzle-velocity, they ought to prove a most dangerous enemy to the bulkier airship.

It is along these lines, therefore, that our defence against Zeppelins will probably develop, and Sir David Henderson, the Director of Military Aeronautics, in some sort gives his support to Mr. Lanchester's figures by contributing a Preface to his book.

It would seem, therefore, that we may safely trust the authorities to do what is necessary for our further defence against air raids; after paying due regard to the exigencies of the Western Front, and there are already signs that effective steps to this end are being taken. That the whole question of the use of Zeppelins in war will have to be considered by the Allies before the conclusion of peace needs perhaps no demonstration.

F. L.



AN "EXTINCT" ANIMAL JUST PRESENTED TO THE ZOO: THE PÈRE DAVID'S DEER GIVEN BY THE DUKE OF BEDFORD—SHOWING THE UNIQUE ANTLERS.

As a wild animal, the rare Père David's deer is extinct, but a few are kept in captivity at the Imperial Park, Pekin, and the Duke of Bedford has a small herd at Woburn Park, Bedfordshire. The species differs from all other Old World deer in the formation of the males' antlers, the beam carrying but a single tine which extends backwards over the animal's neck.—[Photo, W. S. Berridge.]

presently see, no foundation in fact; and, although the Zeppelin can in favourable weather conditions hover or remain motionless over its prey, this



THE FRENCH SOLDIER AS ROAD-REPAIRER: ONE OF THE ODD JOBS WHICH FALL TO THE LOT OF THE POILU ON DUTY BEHIND THE LINES.

French Official Photograph, supplied by Newspaper Illustrations.

A SENUSSI STRONGHOLD: THE MERSAH-MATRUH CHRISTMAS-DAY FIGHT.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER WHO TOOK PART IN THE FIGHTING.



A PREHISTORIC CAVE FORTIFIED BY THE ENEMY AND COMMANDING THE MATRUH-RAKHUM ROAD: A SENUSSI POSITION CAPTURED BY OUR WESTERN FRONTIER FORCE IN EGYPT.

Describing his sketch, the officer who sent it to us says: "The cave is on the side of a steep hill (with a steep slope to the plain 200 feet below) near the summit, had been quite strongly fortified, commands the road from Matruh to Rakhum, and had, no doubt, been utilised by enemy snipers. A parapet of stones had been laid along in front of the cave, as a breastwork. The doorway is about six feet in height, and leads into a large square cave with shelves cut into the rock on all four sides. The late occupants had

been using the shelves to sleep on. Another cave, much the same, was just round the bend of the hill, and had also been protected with a ridge of stone. The caves themselves are most interesting, being cut out of the solid rock, and are probably prehistoric." The particular cave shown is one of many Senussi caves from which the enemy had to be driven on Christmas Day. The enemy's efforts to hold the position proved unavailing against the British advance.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE EGYPTIAN FRONTIER FIGHT ON CHRISTMAS DAY: THE W.F.F. ATTACKING THE ENEMY AT MERSAH-MATRUH.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER WHO TOOK PART IN THE FIGHTING.



DISMOUNTED TROOPERS IN ACTION AGAINST AN ENEMY SHELLED BY THE R.H.A. AND SHIPS—LED HORSES COMING OUT OF ACTION AT MERSAH-MATRUH.

Mersah-Matruh is a small seaport amidst desert surroundings on the north-western Egyptian frontier. During December, bands of desert Bedouin, and Semius—belonging to the great Tripolitan clan with whose friendly attitude as a whole the Egyptian authorities are completely satisfied—assembled near Mersah-Matruh, and opened hostilities against the Egyptian garrison. To meet the invasion, a British force of all arms, designated the Western Frontier Force, was despatched to Mersah-Matruh, whence, early on the morning of Christmas Day last, they moved out to the attack, which was made in two columns—one for a frontal attack, the other to turn the enemy's flank. Aeroplanes located the enemy's position and "spotted" for the artillery, and, as the battle opened, light-draught vessels of the coast artificer shelling the

enemy. Two field-guns on the enemy's side were put out of action, and the fight took shape as a series of attacks on successive ridges of sand-hills along which the enemy were posted. They were driven from those, ridge after ridge, by rifle-fire, and bayonet charges finally routed them as Christmas afternoon closed. In the left background is a ridge being held by the enemy and shelled by a battery of the R.H.A. Shrapnel and common shell are seen bursting. Nearer the foreground is one of our sections advancing under covering fire. Rather nearer are some of our dismounted men attacking and supplying covering fire for the advance. The sea is away to the right of the picture (not seen): ships were shelling the retiring enemy. In the foreground are led horses coming out of action.—(Drawing Copyright in the United States and Canada.)

THE SECOND WINTER IN THE WESTERN TRENCHES:

THE TOP RIGHT-HAND

HARDSHIPS AND HUMOUR IN A MAZE OF MUD.

DRAWING BY GEORGES LEROUX.



MAKING THE BEST OF A VERY DAMP, MOROSO, AND UNPLEASANT SITUATION: A FRENCH SOLDIER, AFTER A FAUX PAS, CONSOLED BY HIS COMRADES—
"STEP OUT OF IT; IN A FEW DAYS THERE WILL BE SOME HATCH-GRATINGS."



WHEN THE TRENCH BECOMES A MINIATURE CANAL: A LOOK-OUT MAN AT HIS LOOP-HOLE ON THE RIGHT) WHILE OTHERS SIT DRINKING COFFEE
IN A SHELTER—SHOWING THE WATER IN THE TRENCH



HOW A COMMUNICATION-TRENCH IS MADE PASSABLE: PUTTING DOWN
PLANKING IN SECTIONS.
(Continued opposite)

IT is interesting to compare with these drawings a description by Mr. W. Heath Thomas, of similar conditions in the Boer War, in his book, "The Spirit of our Fighting Men," he writes, "has begun to return; if not romantic, at any rate characteristic of this mud and muddy war. In the air, of course, all movement is impossible . . . But the mud is also a curse in the vicious and tenacious slime of Flanders. . . . Never did romance triumph over a festered land. A man would wade at eight inches the wizard kingdom of No Man's Land, alert to seek high adventure and the like, and end in the mud. He would feel himself astray in an unred land; but just when he had got his bearings and this fast substrate on which the fight is fought bring him down to the primordial and abysmal mud, a splash and a jerk; his boot pulled forward with some difficulty for the next pass into mud, and the mud followed with the loud pop of suction. Was ever here in feet or fancies so derisory, so contemptuous? Even Quixote, had Sancho Panza, could do justice to an enterprise that began so suddenly and ended in such abjectile. Nevertheless, in spite of all No Man's Land becomes,



IN THE TRENCHES AT NIGHT: AN OFFICER
LIGHT OF A
FLAME-TORCH



MAKES A TOUR OF INSPECTION BY THE
FLAME-TORCH

Colonel! under the fresh enterprise of our soldiers, a more and more romantic atmosphere has crept into the life of the trenches. You may find your way by the means of your boots in the mud. You may find the enchanted land unpleasing, a land of mud, where the mud is a place of rats and old tins and bits of wood, and wire and unexpected holes—holes, mud holes, and unholes—but even here we see the high romance notwithstanding. A certain change in the tactics of the Germans has added to the interest of the game. The Germans no longer compete for control as once they did, when they were ruled by a sense of policy or from want of the spark of enterprise. But no man knows better than he will get out of life or in the mud beyond. At one time you may find yourself close to a crowd of snakes. At another, you may find yourself in a hole with so few men that their trench itself becomes almost a part of No Man's Land. When the German culture—entirely trench-life—expeditions of recent weeks have yielded experiences which surpass imagination. . . . The mud, when it is dry, will be as busy as the streets at high-tides, and when it is damp, it is impudent, in darkness spasmodically lit by red and green meteors controlled by the wizard enemy?



ROCKET FOR ROCKET: A FRENCH SOLDIER FIRING AN ILLUMINATING ROCKET
FROM A TRENCH LIT UP BY ONE OF THE ENEMIES.

The second winter in the trenches on the Western front has not been as far, or rigorous as the first. Instead of frost and ice and snow there have been rain and mud, which in some respects is worse. The trenches are thick with liquid slush, and in parts stand several inches deep in water, so that they resemble miniature canals. Cold and penetrating rain falls constantly, soaking the men's clothing. In such conditions the chief occupation is pumping and bailing out water and laying down gangways of planking. The importance of this work can be appreciated when it is recalled that, in some parts of the French lines, there are more than sixty miles of trenches and communication-trenches to a division, and that in such circumstances a single day's rain pours into them more than one cubic metres of water. At night, a characteristic feature of the lines at the fighting line, is a series of intervals, from right to left, of illuminating rockets or star-shells. Now one goes up from the Allied lines, bursts, and for some minutes lights up the German trenches; a

few shots are exchanged, perhaps men at work fall flat and wait for the return of darkness. At another point, several rockets mount into the night from the German lines, falling sometimes into the allied trenches, and exciting the patriotic ardour of the Allies. At such times the trench walls are accomplished in a short space of time. On a narrow ledge, they are sent up, from one side or the other, at regular intervals. In default of star-shells, movements along the trench have to be made with the help of an electric pocket-lantern, while light is carefully directed so as not to attract the enemy's attention. In the intense darkness of a winter night, the least glow of light is apt to draw to that point the fire of hand-grenades and trench-mortars. In one of the above drawings—but on the right in the lower row—a French soldier is seen fitting a rocket into the apparatus for discharging it, by the light of one previously sent up by the enemy. (Dated Copyright by the United States and Canada.)

THE STEEL-HELMETED PRESIDENT: M. POINCARÉ AT THE FRONT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. D'A.



STEEL-HELMETED FOR HIS VISIT TO THE TRENCHES: M. POINCARÉ, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, FOLLOWED BY GENERAL ROQUES, INSPECTING THE DEFENCES OF THE WOEVRE DISTRICT.



ON A STRANGE PRESIDENTIAL CAR! M. POINCARÉ AND GENERAL ROQUES ON THE MILITARY LIGHT RAILWAY ON WHICH THEY TRAVELED TO THE FIRST-LINE TRENCHES.

In acknowledging and reciprocating the New Year greeting sent to him by King George, M. Poincaré, President of the French Republic, declared that he shared his Majesty's "confidence in the ultimate triumph in the sacred cause for which we are fighting in common, and which concerns not only the existence of the Allied countries, but the liberty of all peoples." It is made very obvious as time passes that these were no idle or conventional expressions. Every day brings proof that M. Poincaré believes that deeds

are better than words, and the President is continually giving fresh evidence of his care for the troops. Our illustrations show M. Poincaré visiting the defensive works of the Woevre district, accompanied by General Roques, Commandant of the Army of the Woevre, to whom he sent, at Toul, the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour. In the first photograph the President is the dark-coated figure; in the second he is seen seated with General Roques facing him.

ENEMY GAS IN ACTION: SMOKE FROM GERMAN GAS-SHELLS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ABRAHAMS.



WITH THE BRITISH NAVY "SOMEWHERE" IN THE NORTH SEA: A CLOUD OF DARK SMOKE FROM GERMAN GAS-SHELLS ROLLING OVER THE WATER.

We give here a photograph of very curious interest which has come to us with the following brief authorised description: "With the British Navy. Smoke from gas used in German shells 'somewhere in the North Sea.'" We must not attempt to speculate further as to this particular gas-cloud, but it may be permissible to recall an instance of German smoke-clouds used at sea described in a Reuter message from Copenhagen already published. "The British steamer 'Lambert,'" it states, "arrived at Helsingfors yesterday (January 24) after an exciting voyage. The captain says that, owing to the vessel's draught, he was forced to sail 200 yards inside Swedish territorial waters off

Falsterbo. Suddenly two German torpedo-boats appeared steaming closely behind him. The torpedo-boats emitted a thick suffocating smoke (evidently by means of compressed air), which smelt strongly of sulphur, and completely enveloped the steamer. Their object was, doubtless, to force the steamer out into international territory to avoid grounding. The 'Lambert' nevertheless kept to her course until the wind sprang up, clearing away the smoke. At this juncture the Swedish torpedo-boat 'Castor' rushed up, and her commander (Prince Wilhelm of Sweden) sternly ordered the Germans away. They reluctantly obeyed."

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHANCELLOR, BROOKE, WYKESHAM, SWAINE, GALE AND POLDEN, VANDVYK, BASSANO, RUSSELL, AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



CAPT. O. G. DE COURCY BALDWIN,
Royal Munster Fusiliers. Formerly
District Inspector, Royal Irish Con-
stabulary. Killed in France.



2ND LIEUT. T. B. PENFOLD,
King's Own Scottish Borderers. Son
of Sir Stephen Penfold, Mayor of
Folkestone.



CAPTAIN J. CARDROSS GRANT,
Cameronian. Fought at Loos. Men-
tioned in despatches. Awarded Mil-
itary Cross.



CAPTAIN EDWARD H. WYAND,
King's Royal Rifles. Son of Mr.
F. S. Juler Wyand, of Kensington.
Killed in France.



CAPTAIN HUGH F. NORTH,
Hampshire Regiment. Killed in Mes-
opotamia. Son of Mr. and Mrs. G. F.
North, Strathfieldsaye.



MAJOR EVERARD F. S. HENDERSON,
Leicestershire Regiment. Son of the late
Charles J. Henderson, of Edinburgh.
Killed in Mesopotamia.



MAJOR F. H. P. O'CONNOR,
Army Ordnance Department. Fought
in South Africa. Queen's medal, four
clasps; King's medal, two clasps.



CAPTAIN HELENUS M. ROBERTSON,
Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Son of Sir
Helenus Robertson, Chairman Mersey
Docks and Harbour Board.



LIEUT. C. O. HAYWARD,
Lincoln Regiment, attached Royal Flying
Corps. Previously reported missing; now
reported dead.



BRIG.-GEN. W. J. ST. J. HARVEY,
Black Watch. Three times mentioned in
despatches. South African War; Queen's
medal, four; King's medal, two clasps.



COLONEL C. STONHAM, CMG,
FRCS,
Army Medical Service. Died of illness
contracted on service in Egypt.



CAPTAIN SHOLTO DOUGLAS,
Middlesex Regiment. Son of the late
Sir Robert Kennaway Douglas and Lady
Douglas, Bradford-on-Avon.



LIEUT. EDWARD J. B. SHOULER,
R.N.,
Officially reported by the Secretary of
the Admiralty killed on January 29.



MAJOR S. B. QUIBELL,
East Yorkshire Regiment. Son of Mr.
and Mrs. Oliver Quibell, Newark. Died
of wounds.



CAPTAIN ALAN G. A. ADAM,
The Buffs. Son of the late James
Adam, M.D., and Mrs. Adam, Quarry
Down, Hythe.



LIEUT. NEVILLE RUDD THOMPSON,
21st Lancers. Son of F. R. Matable
Thompson, of South Africa. Well-known
pioneer and explorer.



LIEUT. D. F. CUNNINGHAM-REID,
20th Lancers, I.A., attached Royal
Flying Corps. "Died in one of the
bravest of fights."



LIEUT. G. F. F. CORBET,
Welsh Regiment. Son of the Hon.
F. H. M. Corbet, Advocate-General of
Madras. Died of wounds.



LIEUT. W. G. STRANACK,
2nd South African Infantry (Natal
and Orange Free State Regiment).
Died of wounds.



LIEUT. DOUGLAS H. L. FERGUSON,
Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. Son
of Colonel Herbert Ferguson, C.M.G.,
Highland Light Infantry. Died of wounds.

THE EAST AFRICAN COMMAND: GENERAL SMITH-DORRIEN'S SUCCESSOR.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY "STAGE AND CINEMA," SOUTH AFRICA; REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THAT PAPER.



A FINE SOLDIER: GENERAL JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS (x), MINISTER OF DEFENCE IN SOUTH AFRICA, WHO HELPED GENERAL BOTHA TO CONQUER GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA, AND IS TO COMMAND THE BRITISH FORCES IN EAST AFRICA.

Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien having been obliged, by ill-health, to relinquish the command in the East African campaign, that command has been offered (for the second time) to General Jan Christian Smuts, Minister of Defence in South Africa, and has been accepted by him. A man of forty-six, General Smuts has had much experience of active service in independent command, and he has invariably acquitted himself with special distinction. In the Boer War of sixteen years ago, he first made his mark in command of the

burgher forces in Cape Colony, his alertness and calculated daring giving his then antagonists little rest in the field. In General Botha's recent operations in German South-West Africa, General Smuts held the command in the southern field of operations, and his brilliant handling of the forces under his orders had much to do with the rapid and continuous success of the whole campaign. In his student days, General Smuts took double honours at the Cape University and at Cambridge.

THE SEA POWER OF THE UNITED STATES: DESTROYERS AT FULL SPEED.

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. MULLER, JUN.; COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



THE UNITED STATES NAVY: V.—THE "PARKER" AND THE "BENHAM," DESTROYERS OF THE LATEST AMERICAN TYPE,
DURING A SPECIAL RUN.

We continue here our series of very remarkable photographs illustrating the United States Navy (begun in our issue of January 29). During the present diplomatic discussions between the Government of the United States and those of Germany and Austria-Hungary, the United States Navy and all matters to do with it are of immediate interest. Two of the newest type of destroyers in the U.S. Fleet are seen here, going at full speed at a recent special run off Block Island. They are the "Parker" and

the "Benham," sister vessels, completed for sea early in 1914. The two are 1010-ton ships of 29½ knots speed, each manned by a complement of 98 officers and men, and mounting five 4-inch quick-firing guns and a pair of machine-guns. Yet bigger and faster destroyers, it may be noted, are proposed in the present U.S. Navy programme in connection with the projected large increase of the Fleet. The "Parker" class numbers fourteen vessels in all, and twelve more vessels of similar dimensions are in hand.

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But mark this special point about Benger's, it is not a pre-digested, but a self-digestive Food. The difference is important, because in this respect Benger's differs from every other Food, especially as the extent of this self-digestion is within your own control.

There are certain digestive principles contained in Benger's Food which begin to act while you are preparing it. These perform the important functions of—

1. Transforming the Benger's Food into soluble form suitable for enfeebled digestion.
2. Modifying the milk with which it is prepared, so that this cannot form heavy curd.

Thus Benger's Food is comforting to those who find milk heavy and disagreeable. You never tire of it, as with ordinary milk foods. It combines successfully with tea, chocolate and coffee, and with such stimulants as the doctor may advise.

Benger's assists not only the digestive but other functions. It braces up general health by its highly nutritive properties.

It has the important advantage of becoming slightly laxative, if the longer time for digestion mentioned in the directions is allowed, whereas highly concentrated food products usually act otherwise.

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sending all you can spare to:**

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Sir W. E. Garstin, Chief of Red Cross Stores Department, writes:

"Our weekly expenditure on comforts and necessaries for sick and wounded in France, Mediterranean and home hospitals averages £10,000. Considerable supplies are also sent to the Persian Gulf, Cameroons, East Africa, Uganda, Serbia and Montenegro. Our needs are always increasing."



LITERATURE.

Cheering Optimism. One of the rarest things to be met with is a man with the courage of his convictions, and if ever there was a conspicuous example of such a man it is to be found in the case of Mr. Stanley Washburn, author of "The Russian Campaign" (Andrew Melrose), a volume, the second of its kind, which deals with the fortunes of the Muscovite arms from the capture of Przemysl to the loss of Warsaw. No correspondent of an English newspaper enjoyed better facilities for observation than Mr. Washburn, who represented the *Times* for nearly a year, and seems to have been very much of a *persona grata* at headquarters and other high places—the more so, perhaps, as he is an American, to whose nation the Russians, for some reason or another,

have always been singularly partial. On the other hand, from the British point of view, the advantage of an American correspondent is that he works in an atmosphere of neutral detachment which enhances at once the interest and value of his reports. The result was that Mr. Washburn's letters and telegrams from the Russian front were models of their kind—accurate, full, incisive, and illuminating. The criterion of their merit was that they lent themselves to reproduction in book form—first in the shape of "Field Notes from the Russian Front," and now in their present sequel. But the curious thing is that many of his friends—of the candid kind—strongly urged him not to "rush into print" a second time. Why? "On the ground that the fortunes of Russia and the Russian armies were on the wane, and that the optimism which I have always felt had proved itself unfounded." But such logic fell flat on Mr. Washburn, the most inveterate optimist of his time. "It is for the very reason," he says, "that conditions in

Russia are momentarily unfavourable that I am glad to publish this book at this time, as a vindication of my faith and belief in the common soldiers and officers of an army with which I have been associated for nearly a year." In the days of their successes he "found the Russian troops admirable, and now in the hour of their reverses and disappointments they are superb . . . and I am glad in this moment of depression to have the chance to vindicate my own belief in their ultimate victory in the East." "History," says Mr. Washburn confidently, "will record this cam-

ripe." In writing thus Mr. Washburn only seems to be voicing the self-confidence and certainty of final victory which the Russians themselves feel, and such a frame of mind is even more than half the battle. The illustrations to his engrossing volume are almost as unique as they are numerous.

Sketches of Russian Life. Mr. Stephen Graham has, in "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary" (Macmillan), written a very

interesting, a very artistic, a very fascinating, and a very remarkable book. It consists of a series of vivid and picturesque sketches possessing all the great literary qualities which we always expect to find in work from Mr. Stephen Graham's pen. They reveal an intimate knowledge of the life of the Russian lower classes such as is possessed by few educated men, not excepting Russians. His book reflects, and reflects correctly, the affectional side of the Russian people, their great heart, their profound charity, which is a charity that goes far deeper than the mere dispensation of alms. He maintains justly that the Russian's religion is a religion of love; whilst the religion of Western Europe is too often a religion of the head and more a question of faith than of charity—a self-centred religion based largely on self-esteem and self-righteousness. Of course, Mr. Stephen Graham is much too artistic to put this crudely. He speaks in parables, with picturesque word-painting, but that is what he means. We are afraid that at the present juncture of their history the Russian people are in very great peril of degeneration. Owing to their geographical proximity to Germany, the Russians have been getting their culture and material progress from that country; and, just as Germany had vowed allegiance to Mammon, so had Russia begun to turn her back on the

(Continued overleaf.)



WAITING FOR THE ENEMY TO COME ON AT SALONICA: A BRITISH OFFICER'S SAND-BAG-BUILT "DUG-OUT" AMONG THE HILLS.

Time having, by the fortune of war, been granted the Allied troops at Salonica, the breathing-space has been turned to account for making the defences as complete as elsewhere in the European war area. The above illustration affords an interesting instance within the British lines.

Official Photograph supplied by C.N.

paign as one in which character fought against efficient machinery, and was not found wanting. In the final issue I have never doubted that character would prevail. When the Russians get munitions and their other military needs they will again advance, and no one who knows the Russian Army doubts that within it lies the capacity to go forward when the time is

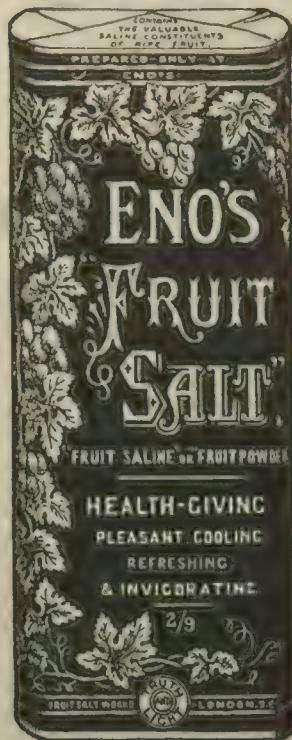


HOW OUR GUNNERS ARE MAKING READY AT SALONICA: A FIELD-GUN BEING EMPLOYED IN REGISTERING RANGES.

Before action, or during intervals in action, it is often useful to expend a few rounds to get the exact range of points where the enemy may appear, or of landmarks, defiles, bridges, etc. The resulting observations of direction, elevation, and fuse-marking are recorded as "registered" by that means.—[Photo, C.N.]

noble idealism of the last century. This is, indeed, reflected in her literature. It is a long step from Gogol,

MEN OF POWERFUL PERSONALITY RECOGNISE THE VALUE OF HEALTH



It is not from what a man *swallows*, but from what he *digests*, that blood is made. Pure blood means perfect health. Imperfect digestion and assimilation causes impure blood, bodily weakness and mental apathy. Unsuitable food is a frequent contributory cause of indigestion and consequent stomach and intestinal disorders. Errors of diet can be quickly and safely corrected by the prompt use of

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Eno's 'Fruit Salt' contains valuable constituents of ripe fruit in a portable, agreeable, and simple form, and is in every respect as harmless as the juices of the fruits from which it is obtained.

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The Major: Hullo, Dunlop! Glad I met you. I particularly wanted to ask you something. Is there a shortage of Dunlop tyres? I don't mean for the Army, of course, but for the private user.

Dunlop: No, why?

The Major: A friend of mine is wanting a Dunlop and the local agent says he's not got one and can't get one.

Dunlop: Some other firm has pushed a few sets on to him, I expect. We were rather pressed some time ago, but that is all over now.

The Major: Thanks, I'll tell my friend, and no doubt he'll insist on having a Dunlop.

Dunlop: I should—it will pay him, and I am sure you will agree with me that one ought to support British firms if one can.

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Turgueniev, and Tolstoy to Gorky and Artzibashev. The war has come in the very nick of time to save Russia from the Egyptian bondage of soulless German taskmasters trying to discover straw substitutes for brick-making. Nobody could seriously wish to see the Russian people arrested in their development and steeped indefinitely in mediævalism; progress, however, does not necessarily imply a descent of the Averns of bestial materialism. Indeed, Mr. Stephen Graham seems to foreshadow a sort of sisterly union of East and West, the one supplementing and aiding the other in the upward path.

"G. K. C." No greater act of literary courage has been performed than the feat of Mr. Julius West, who has undertaken and achieved "Chester-ton" for Mr. Martin Secker's now rather famous series of monographs on modern writers. We deeply suspect that "Julius West" is a pseudonym. He pleads guilty to no previous works, but he is no amateur. Hitherto in this excellent series we have had to put up with occasional antics from younger critics, youthfully equipped, and anxious to appear clever and original. Mr. West has no such anxiety. He knows his subject and a good deal more. He has both wit and humour, and he writes like an experienced critic and craftsman. And he expounds Chesterton as well as any ordinary mortal may hope to expound an Olympian. Of course, the thing can't be done. You might as well hope to translate Sappho, or square the circle, or trisect an angle. Mr. West almost deserves immortality for the attempt. But he is not out for applause. He says he has been speaking entirely for himself, "and if any man think me misguided, inappreciative, hypercritical, frivolous, or anything else, why, he is welcome."

"Tom took rather a high tone," says Hannah Macaulay of her brother on one occasion. We confess the high tone of Mr. Julius West's concluding remark (just quoted) likes us well. He is not arrogant, he is merely

sane, clear and fair, sufficient to himself by reason of extreme competence, though never conceded. So much for the writer. Now for the subject-matter. In these columns it is extremely difficult to handle the subject-matter. It would be like anatomising the body (still living, thank Heaven!) of one of the family. And we should not know where to begin. The elements are too complex. The reviewer would get lost in that infinite

knowledge, wit, unfailing good temper, and no burning of incense.

**Anecdotal
"Who's Who."** When Martin Chuzzlewit landed in New York he made the acquaintance of Colonel Diver and Mr. Jefferson Brick, "remarkable" men, who pointed out in rapid succession other "remarkable" men, and Martin arrived at the conclusion that there "seemed to be plenty of 'em."

In Mr. Alfred Capper's cheery volume, "A Rambler's Recollections and Reflections" (George Allen and Unwin), there are in truth "plenty of 'em," men and women, whom Mr. Capper has met during his long and successful career as a thought-reader, and of whom he has not only scores of "good stories" to tell, but of whom he gives many glimpses which are of more than passing interest. Kings, Queens, Princes, leaders of society, men and women famous in the arts and the professions, have in many cases been Mr. Capper's "subjects," and there is scarcely a familiar personality of the last thirty years of whom he has not something interesting or amusing to tell. He does not claim anything supernatural for his undoubted gift, nor does he tell us "how it's done." The fact that it has caused wonder and amusement to hundreds of audiences and well-known people is left to speak for itself. Incidentally, we get interesting sidelights upon life in India and America; and at home we range from Windsor Castle, Marlborough House, and the great houses of great people to Whitechapel and darkest London. At one moment we are told of great statesmen, great artists, great personages in the religious or professional worlds, and the next we find

Mr. Capper writing of the desperately poor on the Embankment, or of some splendid priest or philanthropist. Mr. Capper anticipates that some readers will complain that his book is "so infernally good-natured. All his geese are swans; all his days are sunny." They are more likely to welcome such a temperament in these all-too-clouded days.



A SALVATION ARMY "BOY SCOUT" ORGANISATION IN JAPAN: THE NEW CORPS MARCHING OUT.
Taking its cue from the Boy Scout movement, the Salvation Army in the Far East has set to work to organise a Japanese Youth's Movement on somewhat similar lines at Tokyo. We see the young confraternity making a parade march on the outskirts of the city.

Photograph by Chugai Agency.

variety—all existence seems to seethe and riot there, all questions, all qualities, all beliefs and disbelief, all gravities and comicalities, with Beer and Belloc thrown in. The best thing a poor reviewer can do is to urge people to read Mr. West without loss of time. They will have assisted at a not unctidying exercise, conducted with skill,



For the Nurse.

For preserving the natural velvety condition of the skin, nothing quite equals Beetham's La-rola, and Nurses will find it invaluable for keeping the Hands and Arms free from Roughness and Redness. A few drops of

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applied to the Hands after washing will remove all Roughness and keep the Skin beautifully Soft and Smooth.

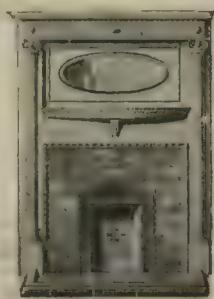
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may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it's artificial. It gives the BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes, 1/-

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But a blue ticket in a window caught his eye. Lotus! Hadn't he heard these were jolly fine Service boots, kept one's feet as dry as a bone? But, would the shop have his size?

In he went, to walk out again delightedly, wearing the boots.

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Gold Ring Set Gems forming the word "DEAREST."
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FOR LUCK.
Behold in me
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THE great enemy of beauty is the surrounding atmosphere. The smoke and fog of town or the dust of the country roads floats about in the air, and gets into the pores of the skin. There it lies deeply embedded, and this is what makes your complexion so dark, dull, and coarse.

The only thing that will help you is **OATINE**, as you can easily prove for yourself. Wash your face thoroughly with soap and water; then, after applying Oatine, wipe the face with a towel, when particles of black will be found on the towel, proving that Oatine brought dirt out of the pores that soap and water were powerless to remove.

Oatine is beneficial to the complexion because it is a natural skin-food. Try it and you will see how clear, soft, smooth, and velvety it leaves the skin. Oatine smooths out the wrinkles, and, containing no animal fat, it cannot grow hair.

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Oatine FACE CREAM

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ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR.

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Ven-Yusa does your skin real good that anyone can see. It is a necessity—a "health cream," which, by means of its Special Oxygen Qualities, preserves the skin in its suppleness, and keeps it free from blemish.

Ven-Yusa brings back to the skin the sweet freshness of which it has been robbed by trying atmospheric conditions, and is the ideal remedy for all forms of war-strain affecting the complexion. Unlike ordinary creams, Ven-Yusa is useful as well as agreeable. It gives the skin a beauty which is lasting.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Fashion. It is somewhat unexplainable that motoring and motorists in all their various stages seem to go through a period of semi-savagery to emerge into a butterfly civilisation. When the cars were rough, the garments and appearance of the users were shaggy and horrible-looking. Now the cars are refined and elegant, equally so is the appearance of the drivers and passengers. No longer are goggles and goat-skin coats the fashion; motorists just wear ordinary garments, with little to distinguish them from the rest of humanity. For some time we have all recognised the motorcyclists—a good heart and a dirty exterior—due, no doubt, to the waterproof overalls donned by the fraternity, sisters as well as brothers. Now I hear there is to be a change, and the motorcyclist is to blossom forth in resplendent attire, albeit rain and storm proof. In fact, fashion ordereth a change, I presume, because the machine itself is getting more tractable in human employ. Perhaps the smart appearance of the Army motorcyclists has something to say in the matter, as it has been whispered in mine ear that no longer will the winsome "flapper" embrace the oily overall while the smarter khaki tunic is available to give her a joy ride *en pillion* on the carrier. Be it as it may, I can see all motorcyclists in Bedford-cord breeches, trim leather gaiters, and caps turned the right way in future, while their torsos are enveloped in a khaki mackintosh, with its broad military belt around their waists serving a double usefulness to the wearer and to his fair passenger to grip hold of. Puttees mop up the rain, and are not so good a protection against the icy blasts of March as leather leggings or else no doubt the former would form part of the equipment. Well, I suppose we shall see what we shall see, or, otherwise, how strong is the trend of fashion in motorcycling trimness in this coming spring.

Quantities. In order to furnish the American motor-car maker with knowledge as to the vastness of the motor market, some statistics have appeared lately giving a car-census of

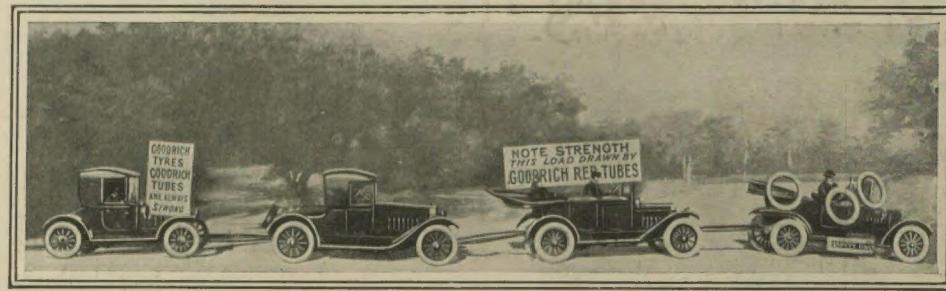
the world. It appears that the total number of cars registered in the U.S.A. are no fewer than the stupendous total of 2,400,000 vehicles. The whole world contains only 3,114,000 cars,



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The standard seven-passenger Jeffery four sells at 1035 dollars; and at 2000 dollars without auxiliary seats. The photograph shows the new 1916 model. Enquiries as to it should be addressed to the Thomas B. Jeffery Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin, U.S.A. Shipment can be made direct from the factory to the purchaser.



GOODRICH RED TUBE ENDURANCE AND RESILIENCY: A TEST.

The foremost car pulled the other three, loaded with passengers and weighing four tons, with only one Goodrich Inner Tube between each, through crowded streets, stopping and starting, for nearly three miles. Measured immediately after this terrific strain, the stretch shown was only three-quarters of an inch, but some two hours later the tubes had actually returned to their original length.

so practically 77 per cent. of the cars of the world roll on U.S.A. roads, or what they term roads.

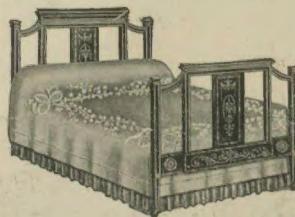
incomplete.

It should have read: "1st Bombay Grenadiers, now 10th Grenadiers, Indian Army."

The British Isles come a bad second with 276,690 vehicles, but at least we can claim quality in our cars as compared with quantity. France seems a poor third with 98,400 cars, while Germany's 71,455 vehicles seem but a drop in the American ocean of millions. But I do not wonder at the latter figure when I read the reports of the New York motor show, and see what quantities of cars are listed below £200 English. For under this sum one can purchase six-cylinder touring vehicles ready for the road, although it is not stated how long they will remain usable on it. The system of car-buying in the U.S.A. is so different from our own. There cars are bought out of income and scrapped as readily. Here cars are paid off out of capital, and are retained in their ownership as long as possible, because until the owner has saved enough to enable him to buy another car—after adding what he expects to get for his old car—he will not think of purchasing another. Not so in the land of Stars and Stripes; for if a business man there is doing well he buys a car as a yearly part of his expenditure and sells the old one for what it may fetch, not troubling whether it is much or little. His English prototype tries to get as much as possible for his car, and sees that he does so before he parts with it or arranges to replace it with another. Here qualities tell; there quantities mean cheapness; and the rival systems are in for a fierce competition when peace comes and our motor works can get back to their own business again. Somehow or other I feel that quality will win the battle, and I am sure all good motorists will endorse this in their minds.

The late Lord Beaconsfield said, "State your facts, but don't give your reasons," so perhaps it would be well to follow that astute statesman's advice and omit from these notes the causes that led me to make the assertion. Our motto has always been "British is best," so let us see that we keep to it in the competition which will come after the war, and in which we must hold our own.—W. W.

In giving the portrait of Major H. A. Carter, V.C., in our last issue the description was



Particulars, prices, and samples sent post free.



Our Green Book of Damask Patterns, together with cuttings and prices, will be sent post free to intending purchasers.

Sun and dew—

are the chief agencies in the bleaching of Robinson & Cleaver's Irish linen; thus a life is given to it considerably longer than that of many other bleached fabrics, and the purchaser will be interested to know that it is obtainable at manufacturers' prices.

Bed Linen.

Hemstitched Linen Sheets, sizes 2 x 3 yards, 21/-; 2 x 3½ yards, 24/-; 2½ x 3 yards, 27/-; 2½ x 3½ yards, 30/- per pair. Pillow Cases to match, size 20 x 30 ins., 3/-; 22 x 32 ins., 3½ each.

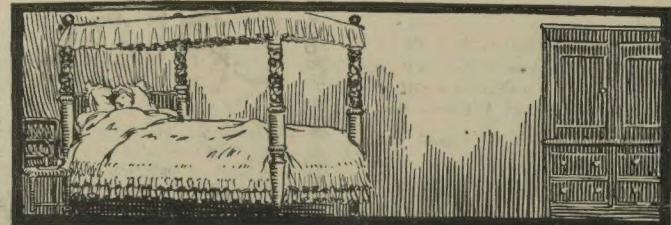
Embroidered Linen Bedspreads, size 2½ x 3 yards, 21/- and 25/- each. Linen Nightshirt Cases, hand-embroidered, 2/11, 3/3, 3/6, 4/6 each.

Linen Pillow Shams, hand-embroidered, size 24 x 34 ins., 4/- and 6/- each.

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No. G 557 (as illus.)—Superfine Double Damask Tablecloth, suitable for either a round or square table. Pattern: Mistletoe and Ornament. Circular Design. Sizes: 2 x 2½ yards, 17/-; 2 x 3 yards, 22/-; 2 x 3½ yards, 26/-; 2 x 3½ yards, 30/-; 2½ x 3½ yards, 34/-; 2½ x 4½ yards, 40/- each. Dinner Napkins to match, size ¾ x ¾ yd., 34/- per dozen.

No. G 772.—Superfine Hand-Woven Double Damask Tablecloth, suitable for square table. Pattern: Fleur-de-Lys Border, Satin Stripe Centre. Sizes: 2 x 2 yards, 24/-; 2 x 2½ yards, 30/-; 2 x 3 yards, 36/-; 2½ x 3 yards, 33/-; 2½ x 3½ yards, 61/- each. Dinner Napkins to match, ¾ x ¾ yd., 59/- dozen.



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They don't carry coals in an all-gas house. When they want to cook they strike a match and light the gas cooker.

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When they want a fire they light a gas fire.

When they want light they light the gas-burners.

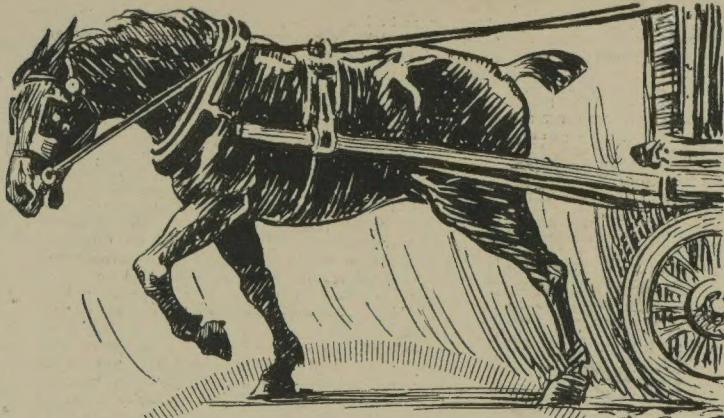
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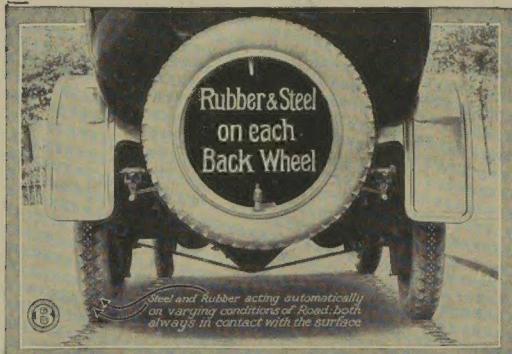
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Write for Booklet.

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Appreciation is the reward of wise selection, so

Keep on Sending

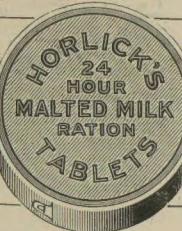
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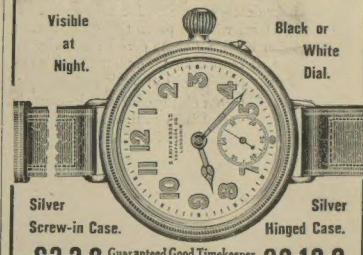
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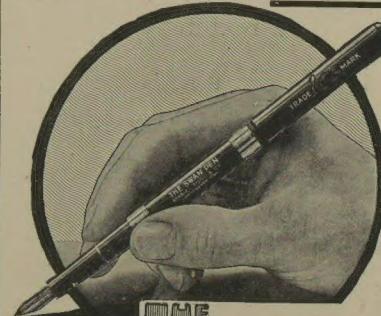
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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

F AUDAP (Arcachon).—We are sorry your previous letters have never reached us, but we credit you in the proper place for solution now received.

J AVENER.—Will you please send us another copy of your problem, as we have mislaid our diagram?

J WATTS (Deal).—The problem of Mr. Fisher with K at K 7th admits of another solution by 1. Kt to Kt 4th (ch), and your own is "cooked" by 1. K takes P, K to K 4th, 2. B to Kt 5th, etc. Mr. Fisher's other problem shall appear.

M J MANN (Guernsey).—1. Kt takes P (ch) seems another solution of your last contribution.

A M SPARKE.—Most acceptable.

Y KONTUNIEMI (Raasee).—Problem duly received, and shall have attention.

E FRYE (Woolston, Mass., U.S.A.).—You must study problem-construction a little more. The key is generally supposed to provide a series of sacrifices, not of captures.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. P. W. SERGEANT and A. J. MAAS.

(Queen's Pawn.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) **BLACK (Mr. M.)**

1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q 4th K to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to K 5th B to K 2nd
5. P to K 3rd P to B 4th
6. Kt to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd
7. B to Q 3rd Q P takes P
8. B takes P B
9. Castles P takes P
10. Kt takes P Kt to K 4th
11. B to K 3rd Kt to K 3rd
12. P to K 4th P to K R 3rd
- It would appear that the Pawn might be safely taken; thus Kt takes P, 13. B takes Kt, Kt takes Kt, 14. B takes Q, Kt takes Q, 15. R takes Kt, R takes B, and Black is a Pawn to the good.
13. B to K 3rd P to K 4th
14. Kt to B 3rd Q takes Q
15. K R takes Q B to K 5th
16. P to Q R 3rd P to Kt 3rd
17. R to Q 3rd Q R to Q sq
18. Q R to Q sq R takes R
19. R takes R R to Q sq
20. R takes R (ch) B takes R

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3721 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 3720 from L E L (Natal) and C A M; of No. 3721 from J Orford and W Mason (New York); of No. 3722 from Y Kontuniemi (Raasee), C Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.), F L Mansur (Quincy, Mass., U.S.A.), R F Morris (Sherbrooke, Canada), J B Camara (Madeira), and T Sundstrom (Hari); of No. 3723 from F G Webber (Bristol), H Burgess, F Audap (Arcachon), J Verrall (Rodmell), and J B Camara; of No. 3724 from H Burgess, A Morgan, A Perry (Dublin), J Orford, J Verrall, F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), C A P, A W McFarlane (Waterford), Fidelitas, J Paul Taylor, N Oakley (Lewisham), T Mukas, W C D Smith (Northampton), G Chalk, and R Barnes.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3725 received from A H Arthur (Bath), R Barnes, Rev. J Moorat (Ramsgate), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), J Fowler, J S Forbes (Brighton), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), H Lindeman (Horsham), J Alexander (Shoreham), J J Dennis (Gosport), W H Winter, A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), E W Holdbrook, L Chomé La Roque, H Grassett Baldwin, F J Overton, E J Winter-Wood (Paisley), Captain Challice, W Little (Marple), Blair H Cochran (Harting), R B Cooke (Shorecliffe), T T G (Cambridge), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J A Sweeney, and W C D Smith.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3723.—By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.

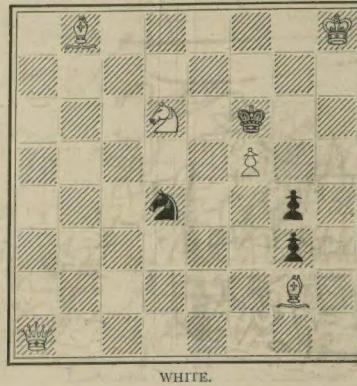
WHITE

| | |
|---------------------|------------|
| 1. Kt to B 3rd | K to Q 4th |
| 2. Q to Kt 3rd (ch) | K moves |
| 3. Kt mates. | |

If Black play 1. K to Q 6th, 2. Kt to Q 6th; and if 1. P moves, then 2. Kt to B 6th, etc.

PROBLEM NO. 3726.—By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

A DETACHMENT OF POETS.

THE influence of the war on poetry cannot yet be determined, for years must elapse before the full effect of its inspiration can be expressed and reviewed. Meantime, the poets have not been idle, and they have produced many short pieces of high quality. Several are to be found in the late Mr. Stephen Phillips's recent volume, "Panama and Other Poems" (Lane), though much of its contents is of pre-war origin. It contains various occasional poems written during the last few years, such as the title-piece on the Panama Canal, the lines on the Coronation, the King's return from India, the *Titanic*, and the Drury Lane Centenary, with other short pieces of a miscellaneous

character, and a long poem called "The Quest of Haidee," telling the legend of the Saracen maiden who followed her Crusader lover to London, where, as tradition (unsupported by history) relates, she wedded him and became the mother of Thomas a Becket. The war interest occurs in such pieces as "The Kaiser and Belgium" and "Revenge for Rheims." Again, in "Force or Faith," the poet shows the spiritual aspect of the European conflict—

Here's more than clash of Germany and France;
Is love a law, or stands the world at chance?

Mr. Alfred Noyes' new book, "A Salute from the Fleet, and Other Poems" (Methuen), is also a collection of short poems, including some inspired by the war; but in his case these are given the place of honour at the beginning. Though the title-piece is more ambitious and magniloquent, it is less arresting than simpler pieces, like "The Sword of England," "The Heart of Canada," or "The Search-Lights"—

Not far, not far into the night
Those level swords of light can pierce;
Yet for her faith does England fight,
Her faith in this our Universe;
Believing Truth and Justice draw
From founts of everlasting law.

The moral and religious note sounds strongly in this poet's verse. Like Mr. Stephen Phillips, he finds his subjects in various sources—history, classical legend, and nature. He, too, has a *Titanic* poem, and it is interesting to compare the two styles of treatment, here and in other cases where the subjects are similar—for example, Mr. Noyes' "Enceladus" with Mr. Phillips' "Semele." There is a freshness and vivacity in the work of Mr. Noyes which is not found in Mr. Phillips' more even and polished verse. It is the difference between dancing waves and a level lake: each has its peculiar beauty.

From the two English poets we turn to an American, Mr. Lincoln Concord. His "Vision of War" (New York, The Macmillan Company) is a long poem entirely devoted to the present world-conflict, written in the manner of Walt Whitman. It is not really verse, but rhetorical prose set out in lines. The opening description of the wounded on a battlefield is powerful and harrowing. The whole work, indeed, is remarkably vivid both in its passages of description and character-drawing, and in its discussion of world-politics; most interesting, too, as an expression of obviously sincere and impartial American opinion. The author castigates not only Germany, but Great Britain (for her pre-war policy regarding the Armenians and Chinese opium), Belgium (for the Congo), and, with less bitterness, France, Russia, and Japan, and, not least, America herself. He ends on a note of prophetic aspiration—

And O, the day of days, I see—the vision rising—standing clear—
(O vision full, impeccable! O dream secure! O long march justified! O perfect day! O certain day!)
"Democracy of the World, I see! Republic of Humanity!
The Brotherhood of Man."

—URODONAL and GOUT—**What is Gout?**

Gout, in common with Rheumatism (with which it must nevertheless not be confused), is the result of the Arthritis Diathesis. Gout and Rheumatism are, as it were, two branches issuing from one and the same tree. Gout is, in a word, a form of uricemia, or poisoning of the blood by uric acid and urates, seeing that the arthritic diathesis is inseparable from uricemia, so that when we talk about gout we thereby infer excess of uric acid, although the latter condition does not necessarily mean that the former is also present. Thus, every sufferer from uricemia is not gouty, but, on the other hand, all gouty persons are uricemic. "No uric acid, no gout," is the dictum of one of our eminent London Physicians—a statement which has not been contradicted by any physiologist or clinician.

But what chiefly concerns the gouty individual is to know that he is manufacturing too much uric acid; that is, more than his system can cope with, which is the cause of all his sufferings. Once he has become acquainted with this fact, it only remains for him to take steps to remedy the condition.

The first thing to do is to check the over-production of this poison by following out the empirical rules that have been established from times immemorial as a result of knowledge acquired through experience. The gouty subject must diet himself, avoid all excess, especially surfeit of table dainties, such as truffles, game, heavy wines, or champagne. He must not "wrap himself up in cotton wool," but, on the contrary, he should live as much as possible in the open air, although he must also avoid chills. He should go in for plenty of exercise and live a healthy life.

Nevertheless, all these precautionary measures may not be sufficient, so that there may even then be an excess of uric acid which he will have to take steps to get rid of as fast as it is being formed. Uric acid is, however, of its nature insoluble, and must, therefore, be dissolved before it can be eliminated. This explains the time-honoured vogue of using lithia, whose dissolving properties are so well known. This custom would still hold good were it not for the fact that lithia has been completely put in the shade by a new remedy, whose superiority having been recognised by countless numbers of physicians (including the late Prof. Lancereaux, formerly President of the French Medical Academy, who recommended it emphatically in his "Treatise on Gout"), officially brought to the notice of the Académie de Médecine (Paris), November 10th, 1908, and the Académie des Sciences (Paris), December 14th, 1908, and proved by thousands of cures, is now beyond question.

I refer to URODONAL, which is 37 times more powerful than lithia, and, moreover, absolutely harmless, in the sense that, contrary to so many other similar remedies, its prolonged use is not productive of injurious results to either the kidneys, stomach, heart, or brain, even when taken in large doses, and is even beneficial to these organs.

Gouty individuals are thus cautioned, and will do well to avail themselves of the benefits conferred by URODONAL, even before their system has become supersaturated with uric acid, for "Prevention is always better than Cure."

DR. DAURIAN, of the Paris Faculty.

**THE MARTYR
OF GOUT.**

**RHEUMATISM.
GOUT.
GRAVEL.
CALCULI.
NEURALGIA.
MIGRAINE.
SCIATICA.
ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS.
OBESITY.
ACIDITY.**

Urodonal

cleanses the Kidneys, Liver, and Joints.
It maintains the flexibility of the arteries
and prevents Obesity.

Urodonal

is to Rheumatism and Gout what
Quinine is to Fever.

Communication to the Academy of Medicine (Paris) (Nov. 10, 1908).
Communication to the Academy of Sciences (Dec. 14, 1908).

URODONAL.—Prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Pharm. Chemist, Paris. From all chemists, price 7s., or direct, post free from the Sole British and Colonial Agents, Pharcie British and Foreign Chemists, Ltd., 1 Piccadilly, W., from whom who can be had, post free, a full explanatory booklet on Urodonal, giving doctors' opinions and interesting Points on How to Maintain Health, and *Lancet* Report.

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URODONAL DISSOLVES URIC ACID